

Page One (6 panels)

Panel 1. Blank. Enough space to take up a page-wide panel, but not actually a panel in the sense that there are no borders. Just white space. Make sense?

1 CAP (GREG): The principal calls your name, hands you a slip of paper and shakes your hand.

2 CAP (GREG): And just like that, you're an adult.

Panel 2. Day. We're inside a Greyhound bus, which in turn is inside Lincoln Tunnel. It's dim in the bus, but not dark, since the tunnel is lit. GREG WILLIS sleeps in his seat with a light smile. There's a backpack on the seat next to him.

3 CAP (GREG): For the last four years, all I could think about was turning eighteen, graduating and finally, **finally** being independent. On my own.

4 CAP (GREG): No more curfews. No more detention. No more groundings. Just sweet, delicious **freedom**.

Panel 3. A small panel. A head shot. It becomes lighter in the bus as it pulls out of the tunnel. Greg opens his eyes, calmly waking.

5 CAP (GREG): But then what?

Panel 4. Greg, still waking up, rubs his bed head. He looks to the window, curious in that morning daze sort of way. Needs to be a decent-sized panel for the narrative.

6 CAP (GREG): I always figured I'd wind up at my parents' marina back in Wisconsin, eventually running the place with a wife and two or three kids.

7 CAP (GREG): It wouldn't be such a bad thing, really, but...it's just not something I was burning to do.

8 CAP (GREG): I never really had a dream worth chasing.

Continued...

Page One (cont'd.)

Panel 5. The bus pulls out of Lincoln Tunnel's north tube. Focus on the bus and the tunnel, here, not the city. (I'm having a seriously hard time finding any reference for the NY side of the tunnel. I can't believe there isn't a single photo of it on the internet. The city's web cam for that spot is currently down, too. Maybe your web fu is more worthy, Mike.) That's for next page. Again, be mindful of the amount of narrative here.

9 CAP (GREG): Then, last year, on a perfect summer afternoon, everything **changed**.

10 CAP (GREG): Now I was one of the lucky ones. Someone with a goal that fits.
A path that's clear.

Panel 6. A shot from outside the bus, looking in. Greg looks out at NYC with a dawning smile. We get a glimpse of the city in the window's reflection.

11 CAP (GREG): Now, because of The Accident...

Pages Two & Three (5 panels)

Panel 1. I would like each of the issues to open with a sequence like this one. Panel 1 is in widescreen, stretching across both pages, and taking up half the height of the page, with a full bleed. Then panels 2 & 3 are on page 2 and panels 4 & 5 wind up on page three. Only the first panel overlaps between the two pages.

This panel: We're in NYC somewhere near the Lincoln Tunnel, which emerges at 10th Ave and 40th St. It doesn't have to be right at the tunnel--just not across town or anything. Make sure the bus is in here somewhere. Have fun, Mike...this is just the beginning of me making you draw stuff that takes me all of 5 seconds to write. No more snow and trees for backgrounds, my friend! Mwah-ha-haaaa!

1 CAP (GREG): ...I'm **here**.

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Gravity created by Sean McKeever and Mike Norton

Panel 2. Greg steps out of the Port Authority Bus Terminal, his backpack slung over one shoulder. In front of him, a bunch of NEW YORKERS pass by in both directions. We don't really get a great look at the vein of foot traffic in this panel, but for your reference, they're all going about their business, many on their cell phones. Greg is slightly apprehensive here. It's a lot to take in, and this is gonna be his world now.

http://www.itsdocs.fhwa.dot.gov/JPODOCS/REPTS_TE/13602/image009.jpg

2 CAP (GREG): Towers of steel and concrete. Taxi-filled streets. The sheer number of people going from place to place with their cellphones and their handhelds and their mp3 players.

Panel 3. Greg walks along with a mass of New Yorkers, all minding their own business. Many talk on their phones, toy with their PDAs or listen with their headphones. Greg stands out because he's watching one of the guys on his Palm Treo phone with a half-smile of fascination. His backpack is full on now.

3 CAP (GREG): I must've looked like the biggest tourist on the planet that first day.

Continued...

Pages Two & Three (cont'd.)

Panel 4. Greg is inside one of those packed-to-the-gills electronics stores that are so NYC, marveling at how alien it is to him. It's been a long time since I've been to one, but it's a mix of pawned and liquidation stuff that's all ridiculously overpriced. They make their money on tourists, really. Maybe one of the Marvel folks can sneak a pic?

4 CAP (GREG): The rural Wisconsin boy with his mouth gaping. Eyes wide.

Panel 5. This one's from Mac. It's a cool idea, but I dunno how exactly to frame it: Greg watches as a STREET VENDOR takes a leak against the wall in front of the Broadway sign for *The Producers*.

5 CAP (GREG): Witnessing things he never **imagined** he'd ever see.

Page Four (5 panels)

Panel 1. A worm's-eye shot of Greg in Times Square, looking up in amazement at all the electronic signs and billboards.

1 CAP (GREG): New York was **alive**.

Panel 2. Now we're on the observatory deck of the Empire State Building, looks out at the city behind Greg's back, along with several TOURISTS.

2 CAP (GREG): The rest of the world was...asleep. Comatose.

Panel 3. Close in to show Greg, his fingers gripped on the protective fence. IRON MAN flies past!

NO COPY

Panel 4. Greg smiles, daydreaming, the wind blowing his hair, his eyes practically closed.

3 CAP (GREG): What better place to make my dream a reality?

4 CAP (GREG): It would mean a lot of hard work, that was obvious. But I knew it could be done.

Panel 5. A large panel. Greg stands, facing away from us, looking up at the Washington Square Park arch before him, his backpack again slung over one arm. An iconic moment, cover worthy.

5 CAP (GREG): And I knew just how to do it.

Page Five (5 panels)

Panel 1. An establishing shot. The frosted glass door reads JAMES M. WHITMORE / STUDENT ADVISOR.

1 WHITMORE (within): And just **how** exactly do you plan to **do** this?

Panel 2. Now we're inside the office. Greg sits across from PROFESSOR WHITMORE, Greg's advisor (male, 40s, bearded). It's the same day, so Greg's wearing the same clothes as before. Whitmore clasps his hands together on his desk, sighing with concern. Greg's eyes light up at the thought of how he could become a big, famous hero.

2 GREG: Sorry, what?

3 WHITMORE: Well, Greg...it says here that you intend to start your own **intellectual property management firm**. Licensing and merchandising, it's...

4 WHITMORE: I'll tell you now, unless you've got a lock on the next **SpongeBob** or have an in with the **Fantastic Four** or something? That's one **heck** of a risky venture.

5 GREG: Oh. I, uh...

6 GREG: No, I do. I've got something. It's not a big deal **yet**, but...it will be.

Panel 3. Whitmore levels with Greg. We get a sense of a gentle yet frank person who cares. We can see Greg's backpack is in the chair next to him, which is important, because it contains his costume.

7 WHITMORE: Listen...a lot of incoming freshmen, they think they have it **all** figured out. Every year, I watch vibrant young minds leap headfirst into a major only to find out it isn't at all what they **thought** it would be.

8 WHITMORE: Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

Continued...

Page Five (cont'd.)

Panel 4. Focus on Greg, who isn't really all that fazed. "Okay, sure."

9 WHITMORE (off): It's **great** that you have a dream. Many students don't. But, please, let's keep the lines of communication **open** between us, okay?

Panel 5. Whitmore looks out the off-panel window, alarmed. Greg looks wide-eyed at Whitmore, not quite realizing what he's getting at.

10 WHITMORE: Now, with that in mind: your course load. It's far too major-centric. Usually, I recommend that incoming freshmen **GET DOWN--**

Page Six (4 panels)

Panel 1. A large panel. A streak of black as RAGE and BLACK DEATH break through the glass and brick of the outer wall, zooming over Greg's head. We can make out Rage fine, but Black Death is a streak of black, plowing Rage back through the building. In fact, we won't get a good look at Black Death until it's too late for Greg. Whitmore ducks under his desk.

1 GREG: **WHOA!**

Panel 2. Greg stands, his heart pounding, backpack gripped tightly in his hand.

NO COPY

Panel 3. Greg's POV, or some approximation. In the foreground, Whitmore's arm pokes out from under the desk, pointing urgently to the side. Meanwhile, Rage and an obscured Black Death have broken through the front wall of the office and continue their rumble.

2 WHITMORE: **Greg! The records closet!**

Panel 4. Backpack in hand, Greg runs for the closet door.

NO COPY

Page Eight (3 panels)

Panel 1. A big panel--as close to a splash as we can get. The first look at our hero from over Rage's shoulder. GRAVITY flashes a smirk, his fist cocked back. Old-school and mildly cheesy.

1 GRAVITY: Hey.

2 GRAVITY: Mind if I cut in?

3 RAGE: The **heck**?

Panel 2. A head shot. Gravity punches Rage square in the face.

4 RAGE: What're you--?

Panel 1. Rage goes back *hard*, slamming back through an office wall or three.

NO COPY

Page Nine (4 panels)

Panel 1. Gravity stands there, transfixed. It's the first time he's ever hit anyone.

1 GRAVITY (small): **Wow.** I wanna do that **again...**

Panel 2. Gravity offers a friendly hand to Black Death, who is still on the ground, and still mostly obscured.

2 GRAVITY: Oh. Hey there, guy. You took one heck of a **beating**, huh?

3 GRAVITY: Here, let me--

Panel 3. Gravity is hit about the chest and neck with crackling black energy.

4 GRAVITY: **Uhhh!**

Panel 4. A big panel. Our first look at Black Death. He now stands, his energy beam pinning Gravity against the wall by the neck. His delivery's wry.

5 BLACK DEATH: Hey, everybody. Look at what I caught.

Lettering Note: *Black Death's balloons should be roughly-bordered, possibly with a different font. Something to up the creepy factor.*

Page Ten (6 panels)

Panel 1. Focus on Black Death and his sinister smirk.

1 BD: Ooh. A **newbie**. I **love** newbies.

2 BD: You got a **name**? Huh, little guppy fish?

Panel 2. Gravity struggles but can't break free. He's freaked out.

3 BD (off): No? That's cool.

4 BD (off): I'm really not big on naming my **food**...

Panel 3. Black Death looks off in the direction Rage went flying, relinquishing his grip on Gravity.

5 BD: Mmn?

6 BD: Oh. Way to **go**, newbie.

Panel 4. A shot of Rage, a little woozy but getting up.

7 BD (off): Should've given **Rage** the ol' TKO. Now he's just **ticked off**.

8 BD (off): Can't say I'm in the mood for a double-team...

Panel 5. Gravity is on the ground against the wall, catching his breath. BD steps toward the outer wall.

9 BD: ...but this isn't over, little guppy fish. We will **absolutely** meet again.

10 BD: And when we do...

Panel 6. BD streaks out of the NYU building, leaving Gravity behind. I'll get you some reference for this building, Mike.

11 BD: ...I'm gonna have **fun** tearing you apart.

Page Eleven (6 panels)

Panel 1. Gravity sits there, his head on his forehead like he's got a headache.

1 GRAVITY (small): Stupid.

2 GRAVITY (small): Stupid stupid stupid stupid--

Panel 2. Same angle. Now Rage picks Gravity up by the back of his neck.

3 RAGE (off): Hey. **Stupid.**

Panel 3. Gravity's held up in front of Rage, who threatens to pop an apologetic Gravity.

4 RAGE: What's your **problem**, man?!

5 GRAVITY: I-I'm **sorry**, I--

6 RAGE: I almost **had** that **Black Death** sucker, then **your** cheesy butt comes in and **messes it all up!**

7 GRAVITY: I-I **thought** you were--

8 RAGE: So it's like **that**, huh? I gotta be the bad guy 'cause I'm **black!**

9 GRAVITY: What?! No! No, it's just I'm **new** in town and--

Panel 4. Rage drops Gravity out of disgust. Gravity pleads for peace.

10 RAGE: Man, I was in the Avengers **and** the New Warriors! I don't **deserve** this.

11 RAGE: Do the world a **favor**, whitebread.

Panel 5. Rage leaps out of the building, leaving Gravity behind.

12 RAGE: Hang up the tights.

Panel 6. Gravity stands there, looking dejected. In the background, Whitmore finally pokes his head up from behind the desk.

NO COPY

Page Twelve (5 panels)

Panel 1. Greg stands in line inside the campus bookstore, holding an unwieldy stack of books. Everyone else has their books in little handheld shopping baskets. Two STUDENTS in front of him talk. Greg looks stressed out. It would be cool to innocently place LAUREN a couple spots from Greg in line.

1 GUY @ COUNTER: --counselor told me I'm supposed to study **three hours** for every hour of class.

2 GIRL @ COUNTER: You're **kidding** me! How do they expect us to have a **life**?

3 GUY @ COUNTER: Easy. They **don't**.

Panel 2. Greg sits at a tree in Washington Square, eating an apple. He's so lost in thought that he doesn't notice two CUTE GIRLS passing by. One checks him out favorably while the other rants about her boyfriend.

4 GIRL: --told him if he screws up again, it's **over**. He is **not** getting another chance with me.

Panel 3. Still stressed and perplexed, Greg stands in the middle of campus with a campus map the size of a sheet of paper in his hands. We know it's a campus map because the back side says so. As all the STUDENTS pass him by, he holds the map sideways, trying to make heads or tails of it. He has his now-overstuffed backpack on as well, which looks uncomfortable.

NO COPY

Panel 4. Greg is punching the code for his dorm room door lock. The overstuffed backpack rests on the floor next to him.

NO COPY

Panel 5. As Greg is going into the room, FROG leaps on Greg's back, all excited. It's like he's on a permanent caffeine buzz. Greg is freaked.

5 FROG: **GREG WILLIS!**

Page Thirteen (5 panels)

Panel 1. Greg is taken aback by this crazy loon kid on his back.

1 FROG: 'Sup, Cheese! I'm **Frog!** I'm your **roomie!**

Panel 2. Pull back. Frog hops off of Greg and onto his bed. Greg's just trying to get a handle on this guy.

Frog's half of the room is already a cluttered mess. Lots of odd knick-knacks, clothes, books. A laptop amidst the mess. Frog's side is plastered with posters of 80s hair metal bands and super heroes. And I don't mean Metallica and Megadeth...I'm talking the really cringe-worthy stuff, like Stryper and Warrant. You know the stuff, Mike. Conversely, Greg's side is nothing but sealed moving boxes.

2 GREG: Uh--

3 FROG: Before you ask? No, I have **not** gone through your junk yet.

4 FROG: I **thought** about it, but I'm not nosey like that.

Panel 3. Focus on Greg, who's all "what's this guy *on?*"

5 FROG (off): So, hey--are your folks **loaded?**

6 FROG (off): 'Cause if **Mr.** and **Mrs.** Willis wanna **invest**, you just tell 'em to wait until I graduate and get my **broker's license**, 'kay?

Panel 4. Focus on Frog, happy to be bouncing on his bed.

7 FROG: I'm gonna be all **up** in that stock market!

Panel 5. Frog jumps up and down on his bed with zest. Greg views him suspiciously. We get the feeling Greg finds Frog off-putting.

NO COPY

Panel 6. Same angle, same action, but different position.

8 GREG: Uh...

9 GREG: Your name is **Frog?**

Page Fourteen (6 panels)

Panel 1. Frog jumps down from his bed, slugging Greg playfully in the arm. Greg's not amused, but not ticked off. Just uncomfortable.

1 FROG: Hey, what'cha think of **NYU** so far, huh? Rockin' **place**, right?

2 GREG: I dunno. I'm a bit...out of sorts, I guess...

Panel 2. Annoyed, Greg inspects Frog's posters.

3 FROG (off): **C'mon**, Cheese--you waited till **the day before classes** to get here! Everyone else got **orientation** and stuff. Heck, I've been here a **week**!

4 GREG: So...**anyway**...I see you're into **super heroes**.

5 GREG (small): And bad eighties hair metal, apparently.

Panel 3. Frog's all incredulous. Greg turns from the posters, raising a sarcastic eyebrow.

6 FROG: **Into** 'em? Dude, I am **plugged in** when it comes to super heroes! I got a whole blog **dedicated** to 'em and everything!

7 GREG: Really? You know, 'cause I thought I knew who's who, but...you ever hear of a guy called **Rage**?

8 FROG: Seriously? You don't know **anything**, do you? He was in the Avengers **and** the New Warriors!

9 GREG: Yeah. So I've heard.

Panel 4. Frog grabs Greg by the shoulders, trying to get Greg hyped. Instead, Greg tenses up.

10 FROG (off): Anyway, I was just dropping by on my way to a **massive** basement party. You're comin' **with**!

11 GREG: I, uh...I'm gonna **pass**, thanks. I have a lot to, uh...

Panel 5. Focus on Greg, the gears turning up in his brainspace.

12 GREG: Hey. If you're all plugged in like you say...

Panel 6. Frog stands at the door with an "Ooh! Interesting!" look.

13 GREG: ...then what can you tell me about **Black Death**?

Page Fifteen (3 panels)

Panel 1. Night. A distance shot from behind as Gravity flies from the middle-height buildings of Greenwich Village toward the huge skyscrapers of Midtown.

1 CAP (GREG): Frog--who is quite possibly the most **annoying** ADD sufferer on the planet--

2 CAP (GREG): --says Black Death is pretty new to the scene. A small-time anarchist who tends to operate around Midtown.

Panel 2. Gravity's now flying past the ESB.

3 CAP (GREG): I figure if I can take this jerk down, it would go a long way towards making it up to Rage.

Panel 3. A huge panel. He's grinning like an idiot. Ecstatic.

4 CAP (GREG): That is, if I don't **grin** myself to death first...

Page Sixteen (7 panels)

Panel 1. A GUY in a decent suit stands in front of a parked car, waving and looking distressed. Gravity touches down.

1 GRAVITY: Something **wrong**, sir?

2 GUY: Hey, buddy! Wasn't sure you saw me. Thanks for **stopping...**

Panel 2. The stressed guy pleads. Gravity takes off a glove.

3 GUY: ...dummy me, I locked my **keys** in my car. My **kid's** waiting on me to pick him up, and the locksmith's gonna take **forever...**

4 GRAVITY: Don't worry about a thing, sir.

Panel 3. A small panel. He pops the door open.

NO COPY

Panel 4. Gravity holds the door open, smiling. The guy's very grateful.

5 GUY: Wow. Hey, **thanks**, buddy. Dunno how you did that, but you're a **godsend**.

6 GRAVITY: Don't mention it.

Panel 5. As Gravity soars toward us in the foreground, feeling all warm and fuzzy, we see down in the background that the guy is going to work underneath the steering.

7 GRAVITY (small): That felt **good...**

Panel 6. Gravity's out of the picture now. As the car peels out of the parking space, its REAL OWNER goes running after it.

8 OWNER: **HEY!**

9 OWNER: **My CAR!**

Panel 7. Gravity turns, eyes wide, completely mortified.

10 OWNER (off): **Somebody just stole my car!**

Page Seventeen (5 panels)

Panel 1. A WOMAN in a fur coat was nearly the meat in a car sandwich, but Gravity has swooped down and saved the woman. He carries her by her arms into the air. She's very ungrateful.

1 WOMAN: Watch it! This is real lynx!

Panel 2. Gravity has a conked-out MUGGER by the shirt, his fist cocked back. The mugger has a wallet in one hand. There's another MUGGER out cold on the pavement. The VICTIM--a businessman in his late 30s--points a righteous (but nervous) finger at Gravity, who turns back toward the guy, all incredulous.

2 VICTIM: I'm gonna **sue** your freak butt!

3 GRAVITY: F- for **what?** I just **helped** you...

4 VICTIM: **Punitive damages!** You injured my delicate **psyche**, jerkball!

Panel 3. THE THING and DEATH'S HEAD (a Marvel UK character, once popularized by the artwork of one Bryan Hitch) trade blows in front of a bar as BAR PATRONS egg it on, as if it were any other kind of regular bar fight.

5 THING: And **dat** one's fer spillin' my **drink**, ya ugly--!

Panel 4. I see this as being shot from behind Gravity, who stops short of his approach. Thing has Death's Head by the throat and turns back to threaten Gravity.

6 THING: Don't even **think** about it, kid. I ain't in the mood fer no **babysittin'**.

Panel 5. Greg mopes, sitting on top of a water tower, knees up, resting his head on his palms.

7 CAP (GREG): Not a **single person** appreciated my help--not even the **Thing**. I **couldn't** find Black Death. And to top it off...

8 CAP (GREG): ...I was **wiped**. In fact, I'd never been so tired in my life. All that use of my powers, all the stresses of moving and school--they'd done me in.

9 CAP (GREG): It was time to call it a night.

Page Eighteen (6 panels)

Panel 1. Gravity turns, startled, standing.

1 CAP (GREG): So, naturally...

2 GRANNY (off): **Help!**

Panel 2. A GRANNY in her granny nightie calls for Gravity from out her apartment window.

3 GRANNY: Please! Can you **help** me?

Panel 3. Gravity comes up to the window like a kid who's been called in to do his chores.

4 GRAVITY: Ma'am, are you **really** sure you--?

5 GRANNY: Please? It should only take you but a moment.

Panel 4. Inside the granny's dimly-lit apartment, which is just like you'd expect a granny's apartment to be, Gravity feels awkward, a little untrusting. Grouchy. Granny chuckles.

6 GRAVITY: Now, this...this is **your** apartment, right? I'm not, like, helping you **rob** someone or...?

7 GRANNY: Oh! Don't be silly, now.

Panel 5. Gravity follows Granny to her bedroom, still feeling awkward, but lightening up some.

8 GRANNY: You know, you have a **lovely** costume, young man.

9 GRAVITY: Oh. Uh...thank you.

10 GRANNY: Super heroes these days, you can't tell if they're the **good** people or not, with all that **armor** and those **pointy shoulder pads**...

11 GRAVITY: You said you needed **help** with something?

Panel 6. Granny stands before a large oak dresser, looking worried. It doesn't have any open area below it.

12 GRANNY: Yes. **Here** it is.

13 GRANNY: **This** is where I dropped my **heart medicine**.

Page Nineteen (4 panels)

Panel 1. As Granny looks on (looking a little faint, but nothing alarming) Gravity crouches down, lifting one side of the dresser and reaching under with his other hand, feeling around for the pills.

1 GRANNY: I know I should have asked the **super**, but he's not exactly a **nice** man...

2 GRAVITY: Boy, they don't make furniture like **this** anymore, do they?

Panel 2. Gravity produces the bottle of pills.

3 GRAVITY: A-ha! I **got** 'em, ma'am!

Panel 3. Gravity stands frozen as Granny is clearly going into cardiac arrest.

4 GRAVITY: Ma'am...?

Panel 4. Gravity catches her as she goes slack, not unconscious but non-responsive. He's scared.

5 GRAVITY (small): Oh my god.

Page Twenty (6 panels)

Panel 1. Gravity soars urgently over the cityscape with Granny in his arms. She's unconscious.

1 GRAVITY: Hospital. Hospital.

2 GRAVITY: Come on, where's the stupid **hospital**?!

Panel 2. Gravity swoops down to follow an ambulance racing down the street below.

3 GRAVITY: **Thank** you!

Panel 3. With Granny in his arms, Gravity starts to lower himself (feet first) outside of NYU Medical, where the ambulance EMTs are unloading its human cargo.

NO COPY

Panel 4. Gravity brings Granny inside, totally worried. NURSES rush to his aid.

4 GRAVITY: **HELP!**

5 GRAVITY: **Somebody HELP me here!**

Panel 5. Worn and wary, he watches as Granny is taken away in a stretcher. He has her bottle of pills in his hand, half-heartedly holding it out. He's clearly freaked and stressed beyond the ability to act.

6 GRAVITY (small): Heart.

7 GRAVITY (small): It's her...it's her heart.

Panel 6. A tight head shot of Gravity. He closes his eyes, stressed, hand on his forehead.

NO COPY

Page Twenty-One (7 panels)

Panel 1. The same shot as last panel, with the same sort of pose and expression, except now he's asleep. We can't see it now, but he's sitting in the waiting room.

1 NURSE (off): Sir?

Panel 2. Same shot. Clearly still tired and under-rested, Gravity snaps awake.

2 NURSE (off): **Sir.**

Panel 3. An establishing shot of the waiting room. A NURSE stands over Gravity, who is still waking up.

3 NURSE: Good morning. I take it you're not an immediate member of Miss Edlyn's family?

4 GRAVITY: Miss...? I- no, I...

5 NURSE: I didn't think so. Listen, I can't really **say** much, but...

Panel 4. Gravity now stands. He's hit by the reality of the situation. He looks down, concerned, hand on the top-back of his head.

6 NURSE (off): We don't know if she'll make it. But we **do** know that if it wasn't for **you**, she'd be dead for sure.

7 NURSE (off): I just thought you'd like to know that.

8 GRAVITY: I see. Well...thank you for...

Panel 5. Gravity is suddenly alert.

9 GRAVITY: Sorry--did you say "good morning"?

Continued...

Page Twenty-One (cont'd.)

Panel 6. Dawn. Gravity changes in an alley, near a dumpster. His back pack is on the ground.

10 CAP (GREG): **Seven thirty.**

11 CAP (GREG): I'd been out **all night**. I hardly slept, I hadn't showered...

Panel 7. Greg's in his room, throwing a ball cap on backwards with one hand, and grabbing a pre-read copy of *Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde* from the top of his stack of textbooks, which rests on one of his moving boxes, none of which he's opened yet. Frog is not in his bed.

12 CAP (GREG): ...and now I was late for my morning English class.

13 GREG (small): Great.

Page Twenty-Two (6 panels)

Panel 1. A morning establishing shot. Greg shuffles slowly along across campus with his backpack. He has the novel in his hand.

1 CAP (GREG): I ticked off the first hero I'd met. My roommate was a hyper, psycho know-it-all. I was an accessory to grand theft auto and I'd been labeled a menace greater than muggers.

2 CAP (GREG): And then that poor, sweet, old lady...

Panel 2. A shot from the side. Greg is troubled, thinking of Granny. He's also mega tired. In the background, Lauren is headed in the same direction as Greg, booking past him at full tilt. She also wears a backwards ball cap, and sunglasses, books under her arm.

3 CAP (GREG): All this on my first day. All this, and I hadn't even **unpacked** yet.

Panel 3. A head shot of Greg. His brow wrinkles, thinking negatively again. He looks really tired.

4 CAP (GREG): At this rate, I'd be labeled a **super villain** by Thursday...

5 LAUREN (off): You're late too?

Panel 4. Lauren's about 5 yards ahead of him. She's stopped, turning to Greg. She holds up her copy of the same novel.

6 GREG: Sorry?

7 LAUREN: You're in English Intro with me, right? Professor Busha?

8 LAUREN: Did you know he grades on **attendance**? He's insanely **strict** about it.

Panel 5. Greg chuckles to himself in disbelief.

9 LAUREN (off): Like, **guillotine** strict.

10 GREG: Guillotine. Yeah, that sounds about right...

Panel 6. A head shot of Lauren. She pulls down her sunglasses down. She doesn't really "get" him, but she's intrigued.

NO COPY

Page Twenty-Three (4 panels)

Panel 1. Playfully, Lauren takes off running at full tilt. Greg is startled.

1 LAUREN: Come on. I'll **race** ya!

2 GREG: What?

3 LAUREN: Winner gets bragging rights!

4 LAUREN: **Come on!**

Panel 2. Head shot of Greg. He's still in his no-sleep daze, watching her run.

NO COPY

Panel 3. The same shot, except a grin starts up. What a pleasant surprise.

NO COPY

Panel 4. A large overhead shot as Greg runs to catch up to Lauren.

5 TITLE: NEXT: FRIENDS AND ENEMIES!